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VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 6, 1898. NUMBER 6

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE
Notes..... 83
Ministerial Training..... 84
Notes by E. P. Powell..... 86
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
Collegiate Education a Method Only.—Kate Gannett Wells..... 86
A Word from Old Plymouth.—R. A. White..... 88
A New Peace Society Needed..... 89
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:
An Allegory aud a Prophecy.—Rev. Carleton F. Brown..... 89
Program of the Omaha Congress..... 93
THE HOME:
Helps to High Living..... 94
Gladstone as a Boy..... 94
What Van Left Off..... 94
THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Unitarian..... 95
Books Received..... 95
POETRY:
The Set of Sun.—Perry Marshall..... 86
Some Queer Things..... 94

"What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines.
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil.
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer.
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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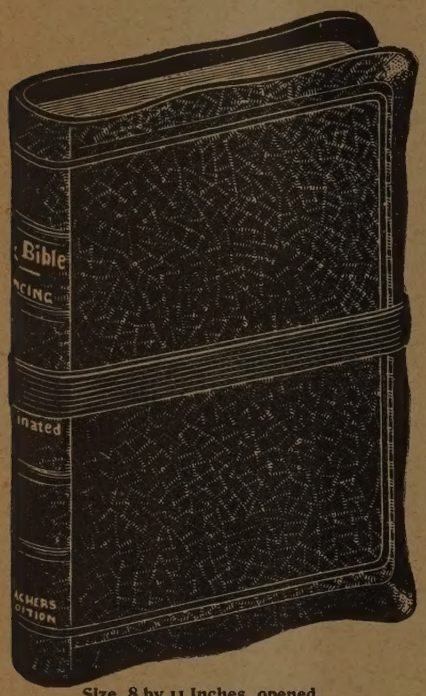

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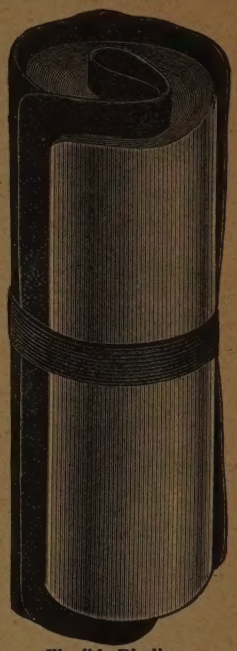

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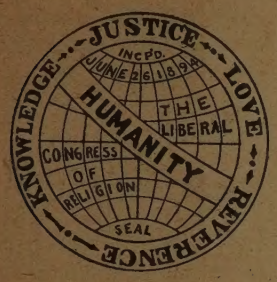
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1898. NUMBER 6.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

I see not but that my road to heaven lieth through this very valley.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

The poem entitled a "A Prayer" by S. Weir Mitchell, published in our issue of September 15th, ought to have been credited to the *Harper's Weekly*, where it first appeared in the issue of August 13th. Our scissors found it an unacknowledged waif in another newspaper, and we are glad to make prompt acknowledgment of our indebtedness to this paper as soon as our indebtedness is discovered, but the *Harper's Weekly* is such a bountiful resource not only to editor but to readers that it cannot hope to receive adequate credit for all it does.

A friend translates for the NEW UNITY the following from the German found in an article in *Die Christliche Welt.* It is a grim light thrown upon one phase of the monastic orders in the Philippines. The quotation is taken from a recent publication by a Spanish officer and carries with it the appearance of truthfulness. However the vexed question of the future of the Philippines will be settled, the recent events will have jostled them out of the sleepy superstition indicated in this item. It may not be wise in the order of development to supplant Catholicism with Protestantism in these islands, but it is in the immediate order of providence to supplant this low kind of Catholicism with a higher kind. The United States ought not to interfere with the eeclesiasticism of the islands but we feel confident that the vatican will see to it that the Catholicism represented by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland will supplant this blind monasticism of medieval times:

I was younger then and happened to be with my detachment several hundred miles distant from Manila. As you know our monks have completely civilized the Philippines and brought to the Tagalas some notions of mortality and enlightenment. They understand how to get on with the people and keep them respectful, and it would never have come to a rebellion and to this miserable war, if the authority of the monastic orders had not been assailed. Just as I arrived with my troop, the monks had gathered a group of these savages about them and were discoursing to them about the justice and wisdom of God. Wicked men are punished and good men are rewarded, they said. "You there, Jose and Juan"—the Padre addressed two of these yellow chaps directly—"see, here are two loaded cartridges. If I shoot at you, my ball cannot touch the good man, for Saint Francis protects him. Attention, Jose!" There was a report and a flash, but Jose was uninjured and the crowd stood trembling and wondering. "And now for the other!" Again the discharge was heard and the fellow lay with a shattered skull rolling in his blood at our feet. "That was a rascal," said the Padre quietly; "a miracle of our Lord has killed him!" The people believed and were afraid of the monks. How did it concern the Taglas that only one barrel was loaded with ball?

A friend writes us, "I have found this in an old number of the *Presbyterian* of September 27th, 1897. Can you give any explanation of it?"

The Bible does not favor Unitarianism. It is the Book for the orthodox, not for the heterodox. This is not our mere opinion, but that of Dr. Ellis, a Unitarian minister, uttered fifteen years ago in the following remarkably striking and impressive way: "I have carefully considered the words and thoughts which I am about to express, fully apprehending their serious bearings, and that they may startle or grieve some others, if not you. Fifty years of study, thought, and reading, given largely to the Bible, and to the literature which peculiarly relates to it, have brought me to this conclusion: That the Book, taken with the special divine character claimed for it and so extensively assigned to it as inspired and infallible, as a whole and in all its contents, is an orthodox book. It yields what is called the orthodox creed. The vast majority of its readers, following its letter, its obvious sense, its natural meaning, and yielding to the impression which some of its emphatic texts make upon them, find in it orthodoxy. Only that kind of ingenious, special, discriminating, and—in candor, I must add—forced, treatment which it receives from us liberals, can make the Book teach anything but orthodoxy. The evangelical sects, so-called, are clearly right in maintaining that their view of Scripture and of its doctrines draws a deep and wide division of creed between them and ourselves." This statement is reassuring to believers in the old faith, but disheartening to its rejectors. People who want to be on the right and safe side of truth should ally themselves with the evangelicals rather than with the liberals of the day.

The confusion in the mind of the editor of the *Presbyterian* as perhaps in the mind of our correspondent, springs out of two or three subtle assumptions with which religious conviction and religious truth have no essential connection, *i. e.* the assumption that the Bible teaches but one system of religion, that it is consistent with itself, hence it must be either all orthodox or all liberal. These assumptions are purely gratuitous. As a matter of fact the Bible teaches in different places and at different times religion in its various phases of evolution from the cruel fetichism of the savage up through the partialism of a special revelation to the universal theism of Isaiah and Jesus. Doubtless the supernatural claim and the miraculous record

imbedded in some parts of the Bible do lend themselves directly to the so-called orthodox scheme; indeed the latter is a logical outcome of those passages and rests solidly upon textual warrant. The same is true of the doctrine of hell and eternal punishment. There are doubtless passages in the Bible that warrant the horrible thought of the endless burning, but that there are other passages burdened with the everlasting hope and warranting the gospel of love, is equally true. Dr. Ellis, in the passage quoted above, did but give expression to what seems to us to be the growing thought of the scholar. The Bible is a varied literature, a Shakespeare of the spirit out of which almost every phase of religious thought or non-thought can find a warrant. And we would revise the comment of the editor quoted below and say that, "People who want to be on the right and safe side of truth cannot do so simply by allying themselves with either the evangelicals or the liberals in their interpretations or misinterpretations of any given set of texts but rather in all modesty should they seek the more excellent texts and then hold fast to that which seems right and good and true."

There was recently interred at Geneva, Illinois, the body of Mrs. Mary P. Jarvis, her old friend and pastor, Timothy Eddowes saying the words of respect and reverence that her long life of eighty-seven years inspired. The circle of those who have come under the spell of her serene and cultivated spirit is so wide that we but do justice to this large circle as well as to our own feelings when we mention her name in these columns and add our tribute to that of others. Born in Boston in 1811, married to a lieutenant in the United States navy in 1834, coming to live in Geneva in 1855, where fourteen years later she laid the body of her husband, a gallant officer, to rest. In 1871 she came to Chicago and then, latterly, resided with her son at Cobden, Illinois. Through all these vicissitudes Mrs. Jarvis represented almost in an ideal degree a combination of Eastern culture and Western hospitality. Plain-spoken and yet courteous to a remarkable degree, a reader of the best books, a missionary of poetry. To her Browning and Emerson had long since passed out of the realm of the curious literature into the realm of abiding scripture. She had been given a beautiful face that kept its luster to the last, a beautiful mind that kept its freshness to the end, a trusting, magnanimous and helping soul that gave of itself without exhausting the store.

Hers were the benefactions that were not dependent on material goods. She had tasted the sweetness of opulence. She was equal to the test of poverty. All along this road, as along the other long roads of life she retained her serenity and was ever a gentle-woman, a true lady, whether in the suburban life of the beautiful Geneva or the formative life in the early years of All Souls Church of Chicago, or on the orchard farm in southern Illinois, she was a helper by what she was quite independent of what she could or could not do. The memory of such gives a permanent beauty to the world.

Ministerial Training.

President Harper is unquestionably one of the propelling forces in education to-day. He has to a marked degree the courage of a leader and what in scholastic circles must seem the audacity of a reformer, at least so far as methods are concerned. The quarterly convocations of the University of Chicago are looked forward to as the occasions when some new and perhaps revolutionizing suggestions are to come from the energetic President. The last convocation does not disappoint in this respect. The theological schools of the country came in for sharp handling. He said:

> There is still another readjustment needed, and now I appreciate the fact that I am treading upon dangerous ground. I refer to the work of the theological faculty. The organization of instruction in the theological schools of all Christian denominations is practically of one type. The variations are very slight. This type is that which has come from the New England Theological Seminary.
>
> There is not time this evening to enter upon a specific criticism of this type of organization and arrangement of work, It is sufficient to say that the environment in which it had its origin has utterly changed; while the thing itself stands almost unchanged in a hundred years. There is great unrest, in the minds not only of practical men, but as well of those who view the matter from the point of view of scholarship, with respect to the present character of the theological seminaries of this country. There is just ground for the complaint which is now becoming general that the whole question of theological instruction, its tendencies and its methods deserve a full and complete investigation.
>
> The theological seminaries are not in touch with the times. They do not meet the demands of the times. They are not preparing men for the ministry who are able to grapple with the situation in which the Christian church to-day finds itself. These men are prepared, perhaps, to solve the problem of rural parishes, but they are for the most part unfitted to deal with the urban problems.
>
> The old and artificial distinction between Old Testament exegesis and New Testament exegesis, ecclesiastical history and dogmatics, is one which cannot be maintained. The Old Testament student takes up no problem that does not require of him the use of the New Testament, and the New Testament student cannot deal intelligently with a single subject who has not considered that subject in all its details from the Old Testament point of view. The introduction of biblical theology as distingnished from dogmatic theology has produced confusion in the organization. One-third to one-half of the time of the theological student is wasted in this vain effort to accommodate himself to the requirements of the so-called departments involving artificial distinctions which exhaust his patience and his time. A new order of things is demanded and the indications seem to point to the introduction of this new order of things in the opening years of the coming century; but meanwhile we are drifting and precious time is being lost.

With all this we are in full accord but we wish the President could have gone a little further into the constructive work. It is not enough simply to coördinate and revise the old studies, but there is a crying call for new studies and new material in these schools of to-day to adequately equip a minister of religion and morals for the Twentieth Century just at hand. The old line between secular

and sacred history must be broken down and human history in its entirety be regarded as the field in which the philosophy and sanctions of religion are to be grounded. The old distinction between sacred and profane literature must be broken down and the biblical element in modern literature, the scriptural qualities in English masterpieces for English speakers must be insisted on. Organic evolution in the realm of matter must be sufficiently understood that the workings of the same law in the realms of spirit may be appreciated and enforced. The corporate conscience must be studied and understood ere it can be increased. The preacher should have laboratory work among the distressed and distressing classes. Penalogy, the political, social as well as individual phases of charity must needs be treated not in passing lectures but in systematic and careful studies that reach through the entire course. The modern preacher finds the pulpit but a fractional field and he must know not only how to preach but how to teach, lead classes, organize study, inspire mental activity. He must not only know how to think himself but how to make other people think. All these changes are not only imperative but we believe immanent. With the changes, perhaps the old name will go. Not a "theological school" primarily but a "school of religion and morals." The instruction should be primarily in religion and ethics. What in the old curriculum is known as systematic theology, biblical interpretation, etc., etc., will become departments in the greater work.

The Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pa., which has just entered upon its fifty-third year of work and its second year under the new charter has done more than any other school in the country that we know of towards meeting the new demands. Its purpose, as declared by the new charter, is to "give instruction in religion, theology, ethics and preparation for the Christian ministry." The President in his last annual report, reminds the trustees that "the continued prosperity of every educational institution depends largely upon its efforts steadily to increase the range and quality of its instruction." What we know of the trustees, faculty and alumni of this school warrants us in saying that here is at least one theological school that will be glad of the suggestions of President Harper, and that so far as its means will permit we believe will be glad to follow the pace which the energetic Chicago President may set for the theological schools of the future.

The kingdom of heaven is a temper, not a place or an organization, and entering it does not mean dying, not going somewhere, but living and becoming somebody.—*Rev. Joseph K. Mason, D. D.*

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Even the peace party will enjoy this camp meeting literature, sung by three hundred voices at a negro camp meeting:

Satan cuttin' up he shines—
Try to take the town;
Satan climb de Phillipines,
But Dewey cut him down!

O, sinners!
Fly fum Satan frown;
Satan climb de Phillipines,
But Dewey cut him down!

Satan drowning in the sea,
Try ter swim ter town;
Climb de Phillipines—Ome!
But Dewey cut him down!

O sinners!
Fly when Satan roun!
Satan climb the Phillipines,
But Dewey cut him down!

The wisest movement yet in the way of institutional church work is the purchase of a farm, by St. Stephens church of Philadelphia, as an outing place for the poor, and a recreation place for anybody else in the parish. The farm contains about a hundred acres, eight of which are wood lands. The main dwelling house is of stone, and contains thirteen bedrooms. An unfailing stream of water runs through the place, which is high and wholesome in its location. There is also an abundance of fruit, as well as forty acres of grass, and abundance of fresh milk. It is thought that the farm will pay for itself, and for its annual keep. This however is an open question. The real problem to be solved is how to get the church poor, and the church rich, alike, to cultivate a taste for the country, and country life, and give them wholesome recreation.

While we are lamenting the death of such heroes as Bismarck and Gladstone, let us not forget that nobler class of heroes that endows the world with the fruit of its genius. The United States has never been able to fully appreciate the work done for the people, by such men as the Downings, Col. Wilder, and Patrick Barry. To these men we owe it that our markets are full of magnificent varieties of fruit, which one hundred years ago the world knew nothing about. Last month died another true hero, George W. Campbell, of Delaware, Ohio—the very Neston of horticultural progress. To him we owe the Delaware grape, which has revolutionized the industrial world; and just before he died, over eighty years of age, he sent out the Campbells early grape, another splendid acquisition. Honest as a dealer, scientific as an investigator, liberal and broad in his sentiments as a thinker, he was a better type of the man of the twentieth century, that we may hope for, than was either Gladstone or Bismarck.

Prof. Herron of Iowa University delivered at Greenacre a very powerful attack on the present competitive system. It is an unfortunate fact that the magnificent advance, made during the past two centuries, is still open to such severe criticism. But when Christian socialism offers itself as a remedy, or substitute, it invariably forgets to tell us that in the experiment made by Jesus, the

treasurer of the association betrayed the president, and had him cricified. We are told that our system is full of fraudulent returns of property, and that our taxation substantially allows the wealthy to escape bearing their share of the public burden; but the advocates of socialism fail to take note that, while the disciples of Jesus had all things in common, they had quite as much difficulty with Ananias and Sapphira as we have with the Vanderbilts and the Whitneys and the Goulds. In other words it is a problem whether the steady movement toward socialism will prove to be either a moral or an economic gain. Let us move slowly and cautiously.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way" is the expression of a cosmical law. Those who are so wildly opposed to what they call imperialism, and the policy of expansion, forget that Japan and China were not opened to the world by European nations, but by the United States. This great oriental problem does not belong to Russia and England, so much as to the United States—and we cannot help ourselves. As long ago as 1844, we sent ships of war to break open the closed ports of Japan. The reconstruction of that empire, and practically the revolution in China, has been the work of our people.

In place of an honest investigation of the war department, the democratic party insists on making political capital of the impotency which has been so manifest, while the republican party has taken up the whitewashing business. Let both parties remember that this has been a war of the people, fought for humanity; and the people will not tolerate a political squabble in the place of an honest investigation, but will demand the punishment of those who have brought disgrace upon our country, and caused the death of hundreds of our defenders.

Our foreign trade is giving us a still larger balance of exports over imports. The ten months ending April 30, 1898, left us the exports of merchandise exceeding those of the corresponding period of 1897 by over 125 millions, while the imports of the same period showed a decrease of 98 millions. Of this excess of over 125 millions, four-fifths must be credited to farm products alone. This enormous increase of exportage is not due to a novel state of affairs but has been growing upon us for the last three years. It means simply that agriculture is growing in relative importance to manufactures and that the policy of the American people is to encourage this comparative development. Instead of restricting trade we should encourage reciprocity to the utmost extent. There seems to be no question but what the twentieth century will show as extraordinary a development of the agricultural interests of the United States as the nineteenth century has shown in the line of inventions and manufactures.

The casualties of the war with Spain as reported by the official records of the War Department were 264 killed in battle. Of these 33 were officers and 231 enlisted men. The figures include losses in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. This is the work of the Spaniards, but alas for those slain by fever and mal-administration.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

At Set of Sun.

O hushed and hallowed hour,
When sweetly calm repose,
Proclaims the patient Power
In star and tinted rose;

When light leans on the hills,
Reclines upon the plain,
And bliss the bosom fills,
While day doth weep and wane.

When toil its task hath won
And laid its limbs to rest,
The day dismissed the sun
Beyond the golden west.

Then peace possessed the hour
And joy the moments filled,
Fond faith proclaimed the Power.
The dew of love distilled.

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Franklin Co, Mass.

Collegiate Education a Method Only.

Collegiate education fortunately has passed beyond its novitiate, and is no longer a novelty or an eccentricity. The calm assumption of a college graduate of her preëminence over a non-graduate has disappeared. Having proved her mental ability it now remains for her to unite her knowledge to grace of bearing, humility in thought and reverence for character wherever goodness appears, even if it is shorn of book learning.

She must not try to be original at the expense of truth, nor philanthropic at the cost of wisdom, since a collegiate education is only one method of obtaining the essentials of a gracious womanhood.

Nevertheless, collegiate complacency is still in the air and the fault of it lies not wholly with the graduate; for this self-satisfaction is fostered by her perception that other women think she knows much, and by the astonishing meekness of mothers, which makes them submit to their *educated* daughters. Mothers will slave away their own lives that their daughters may go to college, and as a frequent result, these same girls do not upon graduation fit into the home niches, *if* they are obscure ones. Home is seldom the place it once was to a college maiden who fancies she has outgrown it. Many a girl says, "I can't stay at home, so I'll teach; I miss my comrades and their stimulus." Many aging parents therefore sit opposite to each other when the day's chores are done, and with parental abnegation try to rejoice that their girls are not buried alive in their small villages.

Of course, girls go to college from various motives, but on the motive largely depends the result. When college is taken as an offset for home, the academic life is wretched. The graduate who studied because she did not want to make bread, will find her selfishness acts as a boomerang upon her own enjoyment. The girl who regards college as a social incubating process will find that it no more attains her object than will other social step-ladders, which are always too short to reach the social height to which she aspires. A great many go for the sake of companionship, then let

them be sure they are not acting selfishly towards home relatives.

On the other hand when a girl goes to college as to a training field in which to equip herself to be a teacher, her heart is filled with gratitude for the opportunities before her. Or if a collegiate course is chosen because of the strength it imparts for future noble service in any work, or as a development of one's higher self, which does not affect another's rights, there is no doubt of its great worth. But unfortunately it is often regarded as so valuable that those who cannot obtain it regret their inability all their lives. Such regret is needless for it is an assumption that college education is *the* best, whereas it is but a method. The absolute lies in the truth which is presented by one or another method, and methods are relative to the individual.

A first rate business woman is the equal of a collegian, and a second rate business woman is no better than an average college graduate. While we all crave knowledge there are many methods of obtaining it for culture, which is the finest grace of education, is obtainable without college, and college, without grace of culture and sympathy, can lead to pedantry, to a kind of I-know-all-about-it manner, based upon handbooks, note books and compendiums of information, instead of upon careful perception of the relative values of all things to each other. This *value* of *relationships* grows upon the mind as the years pass by.

Said one woman to another, "Where did you *get* your education?" "From everywhere," was the reply. "Did you never go to school?" "Very little," again answered my friend. "Nor to college?" continued the questioner. "Not at all." "Then what education have you?" came at last in surprised tones. "Only that of a lady," was the quiet answer; for my friend had been country bred as a girl, had studied as a woman, and had achieved a reputation which made her consulted in classical matters both in this country and abroad; and when one first met her one only thought, how charming and gentle you are!

The use of the verb *get* is very indicative of this view of education. "Where did you *get* your education?" asks an ambitious person who always wants to be doing. "I *was* educated at —," says the receptive, absorbed student. "O, I am *being* educated all the time," exclaims the brilliant woman, the leader of her friends by force of character.

Still, the twofold function of college life must never be underrated, (1) its benefit to the individual pupil (2,) its total effect as an incentive to the lower forms of education which tends to heighten their standard. Nevertheless, it cannot be gainsaid that the great mass of intelligent beings progress through the general influences of civilization, the newspapers and caucuses, rather than through the colleges.

With these two forces, the collegiate and the daily life, not opposing but modifying each other, education grows apace, and becomes more and more necessary as a development of one's self, (whatever may be the purposes for which one exists) as a means of self support and for the sake of others. It is only when the first and last reason are united that culture is saved from the blight of selfishness. Yet most earnestly would I protest against education being valued for the sake ot doing rather than of being. The correlative of where did you get your education is, what will you do with it? The beautiful integrity of education and the rapt enjoyment of creative art, demands that it be pursued for its own sake. Then expend what one is through sympathy and grace, in which, like the atmosphere of a June day, men and women abide joyously.

Would that we did not depreciate education by placing a money value upon what we get out of it! We are all trying to *do* something instead of resting content to *be* something; only the paradox urges that we be that something *unconsciously*. "It is not what one does in the parish," said some one of a minister's wife who *did* little. "It is what she is." And as I looked at her face, radient with trust and peace I saw what the speaker meant.

The highest value of education is the reverence it begets for nature's facts and for the good and great in character. Then each year does life grow more beautiful in itself, no matter what its trials, and as it thus grows, unconsciously one makes life more beautiful for others. Out of it all comes the eternal truth that one can only make others happy as one's self is happy in the deepest sense of trust in God.

Thus does collegiate education stand at its highest value, it yet being recognized that secondary education is most closely related to national prosperity. Nearly $10,000,000 are annually given in private endowments to higher education. Therefore, let the State build up its secondary schools, which dispense the necessary modicum of a fair education, but also create the desire for further knowledge; those who cannot have the advantages of a college course, remembering that their faculties having been trained by secondary education, the rubbing processes of up hill will keep those same faculties sharpened.

K. G. WELLS.

Boston, Mass.

A Word From Old Plymouth.

From our cottage veranda where I am writing my eye rests upon a panorama of sea and land scarcely equalled anywhere along the south shore. Quaint old Plymouth, straggles along the distant hillside, with its face pressed down to the inner harbor. Kingston shore melts into Duxbury, and Duxbury into Saquish and Saquish reaches its arm of gleaming sand out toward the sea, terminating like a doubled fist in the bold headland of the Gurnet, the whole extent of shore curving gracefully like a scimitar about the outer harbor. To the right a graceful line of hills, green with woods, push their point at last into the sea, and beyond, dark in a shroud of mist lies the ocean, grand and majestic, with white sailed boats flitting about near shore like sea gulls. A scene to make a man love life and adore nature.

But after all, the chief charm of all this is the wealth of human history which has ebbed and flowed with these sea tides for near three hundred years. Within the reach of my eye lies the entire stage of Pilgrim history in this new world. Up

yonder channel came the ship of Sieur de Monts in 1603, the first white man to set foot on Plymouth soil. In 1613 Champlain sailed in by the Gurnet, making, ere he sailed out again a map of Plymouth shores and harbor, a copy of which lies before me. It shows essentially the same configuration of shore and beach line as now, except that Saquish was then an island and the beach, now a long, narrow bare stretch of sand cutting, knife-like, the inner from the outter harbor, was then broader and wooded. Nature is the great conservative and erases old forms slowly and with reluctance.

By yonder Gurnet, whose twin lights now look out upon the sea at night-fall like the gleaming eyes of some great beast, the Mayflower came laboring in on that winter day bearing from the old world of conservative ways her precious freight of Liberty seekers. There inside the beach she swung at anchor, and down yonder channel she turned her prow to the sea and old England, leaving behind a hundred or more homesick souls, half of whom were dead before the year was out.

I can trace in the distance the outlines of Cole's Hill where the most of them were buried, and I remember a few years ago being present when the spades of some workmen exposed the decaying bones of a few of those who were probably of that brave company which went down into the eternal silences that first terrible year.

Straight across I see the shaft of the Standish monument rising from the hill top above the old Myles Standish farm. At the foot of the hill I can easily locate even at this distance the "Standish home," built by the son of Myles in 1660, so tradition says. Beyond, by the Duxbury depot, stands the "Alden house" where John and Priscilla closed the last chapter in their romatic story. Down in the old burying ground, antiquarians have located the grave of Myles Standish, and now four ponderous cannons flank the last resting place of the doughty commander of the Pilgrim army of some forty men, more or less.

I forget that all this may not be as interesting to the NEW UNITY readers of the West as to myself sitting here on Pilgrim ground. But it is a rare country, full of flitting shadows of stern tragedies and sweet romances which the facile pen of Jane Austen has immortalized. The touch of Pilgrim feet has made this rugged bit of New England the holy ground of America.

But it is all modern enough now. Electric cars rattle along the corner of the old square where the grim faced Pilgrims, every man of them with a musket, passed in awful solemnity to Sabbath worship. My friend Bramhall sells shoes just across the street from where Geo. Bradford's palatial residence of logs once stood. A third class dramatic company plays Samson, with a real live lion, on the very spot where the Pilgrims gathered to praise God. Our grocer dispenses the elements of life to ravenous cottagers in the sitting room of James Warren, president of the first provincial congress.

Dude tourists with eye glasses and knickerbockers, and tourists that are not dudes, stand on the historic rock, with many cheap jokes and sundry cynical laughs as though it were not the first rung in the ladder of American liberty. On Cole's Hill above, they pay fifty cents for a "shore dinner" and unconcernedly bolt it as though the bones and dust of the fated fifty Pilgrims of that first year of death did not molder beneath their feet. So it goes. The unbiquitious present conceals everywhere the tragedies and romances of the past. But at any rate if you want a quiet summer's rest where charming surroundings are threaded by many historic interests come to Plymouth.

R. A. WHITE.

Plymouth, Mass. Aug. 23–98.

A Plea for Cremation.

[From the Barahoo Republican.]

The progress of the world has been very slow. We move step by step from the errors of the past, from old customs, many of them having their origin in the childhood days of the world and in no way fitted to the present advanced period. Prominent among them, is the disposal of the remains of people after death; the laying them away in the silent cities of the dead, by burial in the graveyards, "a relic of barbaric and superstitious ages"—a menace to the health and well-being of the community.

Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Jackson, in the recent cremation of the remains of their daughter, opened a door of progress; became the pioneer leaders of this community in this much needed reform—to be followed, we must hope, when occasions arise, by others and others as weeks and months come and go.

Who will be the next to pass through this door of progress—to assist in educating in this important and greatly needed reform—another example in the interest of health and well-being of the community? In other parts of the country men and women of prominence and influence have been educating, by voice and action, in this direction. Among them, Horace Rublee, the long time editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, whose remains were cremated in compliance with his directions. Likewise the remains of that noted woman, Miss Frances Willard.

When we recall the story of the Bronte family, whose residence adjoined a grave yard, and other similar instances, it would seem that our people, as well as those of other communities, would not rest until earth burials were superseded by cremation. "Charlotte's" biographer says; "There is no doubt that the lives of those gifted daughters of genius were shortened by the poison that came from the innumerable dead; a calamity which the intelligent rector tried to advert but the tax payers would not consent. Fevers, sore throats and sick headaches were prevalent in that home."

All progress is very slow. Much time will be required to educate our people from the old into the new and far better methods. It is therefore the part of wisdom to agitate the question until we have provided within our own city the necessary facilities to enable all who desire to have their remains, or the remains of the members of their families, cremated at a reasonable cost.

The knowledge coming to investigators on this important question, indicates very certainly that earth burials in populous communities are so seriously detrimental in various ways to the living, it would seem that legislative enactments should be secured, making it the duty of all cemetery associ-

ations to provide a proper crematory, and authorize and require cities or counties to erect or aid in the erection of conveniently located crematories.

These views are sent out for the purpose of bringing this important question, seriously important to this community, before our citizens, with the hope of inducing the more thoughtful to become actively interested in this reform.—*Chas. H. Williams.*

A New Peace Society Needed.

From the Woman's Journal.

While the Peace Societies have done good work, it seems to me the time has come to broaden the work and animate it with a more aggressive spirit.

The American Peace Society prescribes that its members shall be members of some church. It is doubtful if church members are more pugnacious than other people. If they are less so, it is calling the righteous, not sinners, to repentence.

Taking the world as it is, we find many high-minded people outside the churches. These need to be enlisted. No religious line should be drawn. Any one opposed to war ought to be animated to live and teach peace principles, whatever other views she or he may hold.

The Universal Peace Union has an enviable record in dealing with governments, but governments are based on the people. Neither the Queen Regent nor President McKinley desired war, but Congress judged that the people did, and war was declared.

A new peace movement should be organized among the people, and should add to its arguments more on the economic basis. War is man-made. Let men not shirk behind words and say, "God permits it; it is destiny." Of human origin, war's horrors, degradation, suffering and expense should be told their literal truthfulness, for no pen or voice can exaggerate them. The despotism, class distinction, poverty, and cruel taxes should be definitely stated, for these are all products of war. One war leads to another, until those interested judge killing men to be the noblest occupation. If one good principle comes to the front during a war, the warriors and their friends wear out their hats in throwing them up, and shriek their voices hoarse, while forgetting the thousand and one good principles overthrown in that war.

To women and children war is always disastrous. In times of public anxiety, children are less carefully trained and taught, because their parents' minds are preoccupied. Peace gives to women in populous communities the comforts, conveniences and freedom of civilization. These are always destroyed by war, and are followed by the hardships of barbarism, which ever makes a woman a dumb drudge. Such social and scientific facts, the new peace movement is to elaborate, illuminate and emphasize. For those who thus see, to keep still now, is treason to humanity and the right. "In time of war let us prepare for peace."

—*Mariana T. Folsom.*

Austin, Texas.

Duties are ours; events are God's.—*Cecil.*

Keep at some work of usefulness.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence. —*Dickens.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

An Allegory and a Prophecy.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN, PASTOR OF UNITARIAN CHURCH OF HELENA, MONTANA.

It was in the borderland between waking and sleeping that these things happened, in those moments when we look down upon human life as from a realm elevated above it, when the most improbable things seem true, and when our real vexations and disappointments seem most improbable. There stood before me a man of noble grace, lofty brow and kindly eyes, which convinced one in their first glance of absolute sincerity and friendliness. He was not an angel with flowing robes and ridiculous feathered wings, and yet he seemed so different from men whom I had ever seen that at once I knew he must be a resident of some other world. Instinctively I put out my hand and cried, "Welcome, brother!" I have said that this was at the time when the most improbable things seem perfectly natural; and so it did not occur to me to be in the least surprised when the stranger took my hand and replied in my own language: "I bring you greeting from the dwellers on the star Alcestra." I felt no fear or awe, for there was something so gracious in the stranger's manner that it awoke in me at once the sense of comradeship. In reply to my questions he told me that he had heen sent forth by the "Society for Observing the Progress of the Universe"; that it was the custom of this society from time to time to send committees out to other spheres to make observations and report them to the society; that on this occasion he had been especially assigned to make observations of the progress of religion. He related, furthermore, how in taking his way homeward by a different route from the ordinary, he had accidentally come across our earth, which had never been visited before, either by him or by any other member of his society in their travels. Consequently he was greatly delighted with the opportunity afforded him of making entirely new investigations. He showed me a bulky package of memoranda which he had gathered from the last constellation visited, and displayed great eagerness to begin at once his inquiries as to religious conditions in our world. To his general question as to the progress which religion was making, I replied: "You have come, dear brother, at a fortunate time. Within the last few years the Christian religion has been making great progress, especially in those countries where it was not previously known. It now bids fair to speedily drive out all other religions."

"You do not mean to say that you have more than one religion in your world?" he asked in great surprise.

"No, of course there is only one true religion, the Christian; but there are many false religions, the Buddhist, Brahman, Mohammedan, Confucianist, etc."

"And what is the difference between them?" he

asked with great interest. I tried my best to explain to him the difference, but he could not see that they were not all of them more or less true, though there were some things about each of them to which he objected. So I had to explain to him finally that the Christian religion was different from all others in that it had been given to mankind by a divine revelation.

"A revelation? What is that?" he asked. I had begun to notice a very strange thing about my friend. Although he seemed to be able to converse with me with complete understanding in regard to some things, when it came to certain words, such as "revelation," "miracle," "atonement," he failed to understand me; but only when we spoke of hope, joy, brotherhood, truth, did he seem to comprehend.

"But is it not very strange," he asked, "that the Christians are unable to come to an agreement with the Buddhists and the rest, so that they can understand each other?"

"That would indeed be vastly better," I returned, "but for the most part these other nations refuse to accept Christianity."

"But do you accept their religion?"

"No, for in them are included many traditions and superstitions." But it seemed hopeless to explain the matter to my friend. He went on to ask whether the Christians had made a determined attempt to study these other religions and to see the truth in their teachings.

"No, I answered, "to be frank, we know very little about the other religions of the world, and we consider it a waste of time to study about them, when we have in our Bible God's own truth."

"Ah, now I understand how it is that you have so many religions in your world," he answered. "Each one is sure that he is right, and so no one will listen to another."

It was late the next day when my Alcestran friend returned, he having gone out to look around for himself, under agreement to come back to me for fuller explanation of what he observed. As he greeted me his face lighted up with his rare brotherly smile, but I thought that I detected a shadow of perplexity which I had not before noticed.

"Well," I cried, "and what have you seen?"

"I have found in your city many churches,—is it not thus they are called, your places of meeting? —and they are all so small, and in some places so very near together. Why have you arranged them in such a manner? With us we prefer a large, central edifice of imposing appearance; or, when the population is too great for a single building, we erect one in each division of the city."

I felt somewhat at a loss to explain our plan of erecting churches to my friend. Once it crossed my mind that some sarcasm lurked behind his innocent questions. But a glance at his frank but perplexed countenance assured me that he was entirely serious. I told him that we had in our country more than a hundred denominations, and that each of those built separate churches and carried on their religion separately. He seemed more mystified than ever.

"But I understood you to say that the only religion in this country was the Christian."

"To be sure, and each of these denominations claims to be Christian, but they all disagree when they attempt to define what Christianity is."

"But did you not say that the Christians had a book specially given to them by God, that they might know exactly what is true?"

"Yes, they all indeed have the Bible, but they cannot agree among themselves as to what it means. In fact at the present time the Bible is the chief cause of contention among them."

"And because they disagree as to the meaning of this book, they build separate churches and carry on their religion separately?"

"How can they do otherwise?" I asked somewhat impatiently, "they cannot all sign the same creed."

"Creed? I do not understand, "he replied with a bewildered air.

"Yes," I explained, "a statement of doctrine drawn up by each church, to which candidates for membership are required to give their assent."

"There is nothing of that sort with us," he replied. "We pledge ourselves only to seek and follow the truth, as each of us may understand it."

"But how do you distinguish between believers and unbelievers?"

My friend from Alcestra looked at me curiously while a quiet smile played over his face. He did not speak for several minutes, and then he began by saying that he was afraid he could not make me understand his way of looking upon such things. "In Alcestra," he continued, "there are no unbelievers, for there are no lines of exclusion. Every man must have a religion of some kind, and we do not term them irreligious because their religion is not of our particular kind."

He talked for some time of the underlying religious basis of life, and strove to show that in a universe such as ours, religion in some form or other must appear in all sentient and rational beings. But at length he checked himself. "I came to make inquiries, not to discourse about the religion of Alcestra." And he commenced again to ply me with questions, though I would far rather have listened to his explanation of a system of religion so different from our own.

In answering one of my friend's inquiries, I happened to mention the fact that our churches held regular services on Sunday only. He was astonished beyond measure. "With us, our places of meeting are open every day. Children's voices are heard every afternoon in the choral service."

"How do you induce them to attend?" I interrupted, with a dismal picture of empty seats in the Sunday School room in my mind.

"Induce them! They could not be kept away. At that service we hear the grandest, most inspiring music found anywhere. This service is familiarly known among us as the 'Soul-Freshener.' Then we have our various club meetings. Our Society for Observing the Progress of the Universe meets there twice a week, and there are other educational, literary and friendly clubs meeting every day."

"Now that I think of it," I said, "most of our churches have prayer meetings during each week for fellowship and spiritual culture, though generally there are but few who attend.

He immediately expressed a strong desire to see

one of them, and I went with him that evening to the nearest one. To my relief it was a better meeting than usual. There were no long pauses during which the minister feebly implored the audience not to allow the time to be lost. On the whole I felt very well satisfied with its success as I walked home with my friend. Finally I ventured to ask his opinion.

"But where was the fellowship?" he asked. "No one grasped another's hand; no one talked naturally or freely with another, nor inquired after the other's welfare. It was a place of formal exercises, not of living confidences and loving comradeship. And most of the time was consumed in asking a person named 'Lord' to do something for them."

I stopped abruptly and looked straight in the Alcestran's face. "Is it possible that you do not know what prayer is?"

"Prayer?" he replied, "is that what you call prayer?"

I was too deeply shocked to answer for some minutes. At length when we had again seated ourselves quietly at home, I said, "My dear brother, you have asked me a great many questions. Let me now ask you one. You said that you were seeking to learn the religious condition and progress of our world. What do you mean by religion?"

"By religion," he replied deliberately, "I mean the great work, begun in the misty dawn of time, of bringing people together in one close-knit family, whose law will be justice, whose inspiration love and whose fellowship will be the common search for truth.'

"But you would not leave God out of your religion?"

"Assuredly not; but what is 'God' but the name, the symbol by which we denote the great universal laws of truth and justice and love that work through us and through all things? And so I felt to-night that those people who were beseeching God to grant his grace, his favor and his salvation, were wasting their time just as truly as if they had been beseeching gravitation to make each separate apple to fall from each separate tree, and each brook to flow through its valley. Gravitation always acts when the necessary conditions are complied with. So does God. If these people go on trying to help their neighbors, dealing justly in their business and laying hold of the truth within their reach, God will attend to the rest."

"But is not God pleased by having us show our faith through asking him for those things we need?"

"It seems to me a deeper faith to depend upon the means which he has placed at our disposal—two hands when we need bread; two feet when we would escape danger; two eyes when we would be filled with the beautiful; a mind when we wrestle with the problems of life."

It was late when we separated that evening. At his request I placed in his hands a copy of the Bible as he was leaving, assuring him that he would be better able to understand our religion after carefully perusing it.

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It was several days before he came back again, and for the last time.

"A strange book!" he said, handing me again the Bible I had loaned him. "A coat of many colors!" Then coming close and laying his hand on my shoulder he added with the kindliest possible smile, "If Christianity holds that book for its God's truth, do not be too sure, my friend, that you have not your traditions and superstitions as well as Buddhism and the others. But they had their glimpses!" he added, his face lighting up. And taking the book again he turned over the pages and read some sentence which he had marked:

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."

"Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?"

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

"By their fruits ye shall know them. Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

"The God that made the world and all things therein, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is he served by men's hands as though he needed anything. For in him we live and move and have our being."

"I have been to your church services and talked with your ministers as to the meaning of what I saw. But it seems to me that for the most part your churches are occupied not with religion, but with forms and ceremonies. I heard two of your learned men discussing at great length and with much warmth the question as to the proper method of baptizing people. In one church which I visited, the people went forward at a certain signal and knelt down while the priest put in their mouths a wafer. This wafer he afterwards told me contained the bodily presence of Christ, but he said it would have been highly displeasing to God and of no value whatever, if as in other churches this had been distributed to the people while they sat in their seats. And so it seems to me that by continually talking of these trifling matters men come at length to forget that they are members of one great family upon whom God shines daily with his great sun of blessing."

"What are the forms of religious services with you?" I inquired. "Do you not have sacraments and liturgies?"

"We have no sacraments, except that on an appointed day of every month all our people gather in their respective meeting places where tables have been spread for the occasion, and there enjoy together a simple, common meal, with gladness of heart.

"Our ritual is of the simplest sort and is of a kind suggested by nature rather than tradition. There is every week the 'Service of Joy' in which we try to express as spontaneously as possible the joy of life. The music begins with the imitation of a bird's morning carol, which swells gradually into a majestic anthem of praise, with the full power of orchestra and chorus. The people stand and repeat with full spirit the sentences arranged for the occasion. The entire service throbs with the inspiration of hope and life. It is always at the morning hour.

"Then we have also our 'Service of Sympathy,' designed especially for those who mourn, or are passing through great trial or anxiety. To this come those who have felt the pang of loss or the weight of grief. The music is such as soothes and consoles. Then, too, their friends come with

them and show their sympathy by silently taking their hands and sitting by their sides.

"Then there is the great service of the week, which we call the 'Brotherhood-Binding.' To this all come and repeat their pledges of mutual kindliness and obligation."

"But do you not have any sermons in your world?"

"I do not know whether you would call them such," he replied. "When we all come together at the "Brotherhood-Binding' we listen to an address on some phase of humanity's life. We are never exhorted as to what we must believe, for this is held to be the sacred right of the individual."

"Then even you have differences of belief among yourselves?"

"Assuredly we do," he replied, "otherwise our life would be most stupid and uninteresting. Just as we have our different schools of science, so also there are widely differing schools of philosophy and theology. These are given free scope for inquiry and discussion, for we believe that out of diversity of opinion truth will eventually be established. We never seek to establish our own opinions by suppressing those of others. Our very confidence in the truth of our beliefs leads us to invite the fullest and most candid discussion. Nor do we see any reason for hating or despising those who continue to hold beliefs different from our own. And this is what amazes me above all, in the people of your world. When you assure me that they are accustomed to separate from each other, to slander each other and have been known even to kill one another, because they do not hold the same opinion, I cannnot understand what madness possesses them. If I could only show them how much simpler is the way of universal toleration, they would adopt it in a single day. If only I could prevail upon them to forget by what name they and their fathers have been called and to come together as men and women, filled with the same deep hopes and longings, living in the same great universe of beauty, sharing the great destiny of humanity!—and I believe this would not be difficult to accomplish."

"Do not consider such a thing for a moment," I cried in alarm. "I know these people better than you do. If you should go forth and talk to them after this manner they would call you an infidel or a Unitarian; and they would cry out against you as one who sought to destroy the foundations of religion."

"Destroy religion!" he repeated with the only trace of scorn I had seen on his face. "Such people do not know what religion is."

But I persuaded him at length of the impossibility of his idea. I told him how many prophets and martyrs and poets had cherished the same dream and had attempted the same task of uniting the human race in a universal religion, founded upon the recognition of the common brotherhood of mankind. But how the priests had hated them and cried out against them in the name of their oracles and traditions, and how the people had stoned some of them and others they had crucified, while yet others they had cast out of their synagogues and insulted by all manner of slander and abusive epithet, albeit they were among the purest and noblest souls that ever lived.

When I finally convinced him that such a wild project as he had proposed was not for a moment to be thought of, his face saddened, and bidding me a sorrowful adieu, he picked up his package of memoranda, now grown far bulkier than at first, and returned to his own world, Alcestra.

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But after he had gone, I dreamed again, a dream of the future. And it seemed to me that after our earth's long ages of bloodshed and cruelty, its frightful persecutions and smouldering jealousies and prejudices, its intolerant bigots, and tiresome, narrow-minded ecclesiastics, at length the unceasing progress of evolution brought the dawn of the Alcestran age upon our own sphere. The people grew dissatisfied with old creed-bound systems of thought, and they began to widen the limits of brotherhood. First, various hostile sects sent out flags of truce and proclaimed an armistice. At length there came a time when the representatives of the various religions of the earth came together; not as before, in arms or in fierce spirit of controversy, but with outstretched palms, meeting in friendly conference that they might better understand and sympathize with each other's faith and worship.

And lo! it was found that their religions were all fundamentally the same, differing only as the speech and customs of the various nations and tribes differed from each other.

And when men saw that this was so they could not restrain their joy. "Hereafter," they cried, "there shall be no temple that is not as broad as the blue sky above! There shall be no creed, but that each man shall pledge himself to TRUTH. Our universal sacrament shall be the love and service of our fellowmen. Our 'book of common prayer' shall be the pages in the great book of nature, imprinted everywhere with the power, the beauty, the mystery of the infinite LIFE."

The Putnam's Sons Publishing House send out the welcome announcement that they are about to issue a series of international books on the New Testament, edited by Doctor Orello Cone, Ex-President of Buchtel College. The series is to consist of four volumes, one on the Synoptic Gospels by Professor Cary of the Meadville Theological School, another by Professor James Drummond of Manchester College, Oxford, England, the third by Professor Henry P. Forbes of the Theological School, Clinton, N. Y, and the last by Doctor Cone himself. The aim will be to treat these books as literature and to subordinate the minute, textual and grammatical comment to the more important helps necessary to an understanding of the purpose of the writer and an appreciation of his general intent. We will look for the series with interest. We trust that the tone and temper manifested by Professor Moulton in his "Bible for Modern Readers" will obtain here with an added element of critical knowledge and a freer handling of the same.

The Liberal Congress of Religion.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Omaha, October 18-23, 1898.

OUTLINE PROGRAM.—(Subject to slight modification.)

OPENING SESSION.

Tuesday, October 18th, 8 p. m.

Addresses of Welcome by Local Committee: Thomas Kilpatrick, Chairman; Rev. John McQuoid, Pastor Methodist Church; Rev. T. J. Mackay, Pastor Protestant Episcopal Church; Hon. M. B. C. True, Tecumseh and Hon. W. R. Whitmore, Valley, Neb.

Response by the President, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Chicago; Opening Sermon by Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Chicago,

Wednesday, October 19th, 9:30 a. m.

Welcome of Delegates and Response by the same. The Problems of the Congress, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; The Value and Feasibility of State Organization—Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids, Ia. One Year After the Nashville Congress—Rev. Isidore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.

8 p. m.—SOCIOLOGICAL. Rev. R. A. White, Chicago, presiding. The Social Conscience—Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Christ and the Labor Problem—Rev. Frank Crane, Chicago. What the Employer Might Do to Settle the Labor Problem—Prof. N. P. Gilman of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

Thursday, October 20th, 9:30 a. m.

The Problem of Authority in Religion—John Faville, Ph.D., Appleton, Wis. The Coming Man: Will He Worship? Rev. Mrs. S. L. Crum, Webster City, Ia. The New Testament Virtue of Prudence—Rev. H. H. Peabody, Rome, N. Y.

8 p. m.—INTERNATIONALISM.— ——— Presiding. "Lest We Forget"—David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford University. The Growth of International Sentiment—Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis. Other addresses.

Friday, October 21st, 9:30 a. m.

Our Great Theological and Social Problem—Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Eau Claire, Wis. The Brotherhood of the Kingdom and its Work, by the Secretary, Rev. Leighton Williams, New York. The Part Faith Plays in Science and Religion—Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.

8 p. m.—MISSIONARY.—Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago, presiding. The Greater America and Her Mission in Asia—Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago. The American Development of Religion—Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis.

Saturday, October 22, 9:30 a. m.

The Attitude of the Church to the Later Religions Thinking—Rev. Robert T. Jones, Ithaca, N. Y. The Education of the Colored Race in the South—Prof. W. H. Council, Huntsville, Ala. The Evolution of Conscience in the Nineteenth Century—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.

8 p. m. Social Reunion in Plymouth Church, in charge of Local Committee.

Sunday, October 23d.

Preaching by the visiting ministers in as many of the churches of the city of Omaha and adjoining towns as can be arranged for in the forenoon. Mass meetings afternoon and evening under the direction of the Local Committee.

Among other speakers whose presence is looked for, who will take part in the discussions, are Rev. A. W. Gould, Secretary Western Unitarian Conference; Dr. Paul Carus, Editor OPEN COURT; Miss Sadie American, Chicago; Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.; Rev. Elinor Gordon, Iowa City, Ia., and others.

THE AFTERNOONS.

These will be left open for committee work, special consultations and for studying of the Exposition.

Most of the railroads leading to Omaha have special Exposition rates which are more advantageous than the usual association reductions. Those attending are advised to inquire for such.

All the meetings above announced will be held in Plymouth Church, one of the most commodious and central churches in the city. There will be ample accommodations for social, conference, committee rooms, etc.

The Headquarters of the Congress will be at

The Dellone House, corner Fourteenth Street and Capital Avenue.

Special rates for Congress guests. Rooms, European plan, one dollar per day; room and board, two dollars per day. Exclusive use of parlor for Congress headquarters. Applications for rooms should be made through any of the undersigned:

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} Local Committee.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Not what we think but what we do makes saints of us.
MON.—He spoils his house and throws his pains away,
Who, as the sun veers, builds his windows o'er,
For should he wait, the light some time of day,
Would come and sit beside him at the door.
TUES.—Her language is so sweet and fit
You never have enough of it.
WED.—By her innocence she awes
Evil from her; through love's laws.
THURS.—He who loves the best his fellow-men,
Is loving God the holiest way he can.
FRI.—There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.
SAT.—Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground.
—*Alice Cary.*

Some Queer Things.

It's queer, when the world seems steady,
It really is whirling so;
It's queer that the plants get larger,
When no one can see them grow;
It's queer that the fountain's water
Leaps high in the sunshine bright;
And queer that the moon can never
Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white and another red,
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed.
It's queer that all of these wonders
We take so little heed;
And that, as for feeling thankful,
We seldom see the need.

We scold if the weather's chilly,
And fret at the hot sunlight;
Don't like to get up in the morning,
Hang back from the bed at night;
And queerer than all the queer things
Are surely those girls and boys
Who live in the world of beauty,
And rather see woes than joys.
—*Selected.*

Gladstone as a Boy.

John Gladstone, the father of the great statesman of Great Britain, liked that his children should exercise their judgment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered, and a college friend of William's, who visited him in the summer of 1829, furnishes amusing pictures of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything." They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet the next day. It was always perfectly good-humored, but curious to a stranger because of the care which all of the disputants took to advance no propositions, even to the prospects of a rain, rashly.

One day Thomas Gladstone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchief, and was about to crush it on the table, when the father started the question as to whether he had the right to kill the insect; and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life was at stake. When at last it was adjudged that death was deserved because it was a trespasser in the drawingroom, a common enemy and a danger there, it was found that the insect had crawled from under the handkerchief and was flying away with a sniggering sort of buzz, as if to mock them all.

On another occasion William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with the ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered; but when he had done this, he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this.

"Aweel, miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's opeenion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resouces of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying, "Hear, hear! Well said! Well put, Willie!" if the young debater bore himself well in the encounter.—*The Banner.*

What Van left off.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning, all but the buttons "that run up and down ahind."

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades. So he backs up to papa, and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get on to some important work he had on hand,—the marshalling of an army or something of the sort. So he hurried to get into his clothes; and, of course, they bothered him, because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down, "hind side 'fore;" while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There! everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly. You haven't put everything on yet!"

Van carefully inspected all his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van; and I'll button it up for you."

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the necktie.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

UNITARIAN.—The Rev. John Bridges, having satisfied the committee on fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman; D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

CHICAGO.—The "Chicago Woman's League" was born out of the same impulse as that which called the Liberal Congress into being and which in many other ways has been working in these last years. The spirit that created it has recently re-christened it with a name still more comprehensive, and it is now "The League of Religious Fellowship." This lets in the men as well as the women. Now the organization has a new and still larger missionary task on hand. Let the present members do for their husbands, fathers and brothers what they have done for themselves and no organization in the city of Chicago will be more potent for good. . . . A notable occasion occurred at the Oakland Club rooms last Monday night, when the Novel Section of All Souls Church and the Literary Section of the Oakland Club inaugurated their season of joint work with a social reunion. The reading of an introductory paper on Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," by Mr. Jones, represented the intellectual side of the gathering. Several hundred people were present and the neighborhood atmosphere was so apparent that there was no consciousness of dividing lines. It was an auspicious beginning of what promises to be an important season's work. . . . The Extension Division of the University of Chicago has begun some Bible work in connection with the "Chicago College for Teachers.' 'Lectures will be on Saturday afternoons, the first course to be given by Professor Shailer Matthews upon "The Historical Study of the Life of Christ."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Unitarian, Jewish and Universalist congregations of this city can lay no exclusive claim upon liberality. The Plymouth Congregational Church, of which William Thurston Brown is pastor, welcomes to its membership any one approved by the prudential committee and subscribing to the following bond of union: "The objects of this churh are: To promote that reasonable religion which Jesus taught and lived. To secure increasing recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. To discover truth, and dispel ignorance and superstition, and to bring about improved social conditions. To the furtherance of these objects, in a spirit of mutual friendship, we pledge our earnest efforts, and promise to devote to them, according to our ability, our time, money and talents."

Books Received.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. St. John. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Richard G. Moulton. MacMillan & Co. 50 cents.

EARLY LETTERS OF GEORGE WM. CURTIS TO JOHN S. DWIGHT. Brook Farm and Concord. Edited by George Willis Cook. Harper & Bros., Publishers.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS. Extracted from the Four Gospels and arranged by Jean Du Buy, Ph. D., J. U. D. James H. West, Publisher, Boston. 50 cents.

DON'T WORRY NUGGETS. By Jeanne G. Pennington, New York. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

JEWISH RELIGIOUS LIFE, AFTER THE EXILE. Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. LABOR COPARTNERSHIP. H. D. Lloyd. Harper Bros., Publishers.

WAR MEMORIES of AN ARMY CHAPLAIN. By H. Clay Trumbull, New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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To Aid the Soldiers.

NORTH-WESTERN ROAD ISSUES a HUMANE ORDER AS TO THEM.—VOLUNTEERS ON TRAINS MUST BE TREATED WITH ALL CONSIDERATION.—ROAD KIND TO SOLDIERS.

A humane order has just been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Impressed with the pitiable condition of a majority of the returning soldiers, General Manager Whitman of this road has determined that none of the boys in blue who may come into contact with his company shall suffer for lack of attention. The North-Western system covers five or six states which furnished a large proportion of the volunteers, and in order that the boys may be treated kindly on their way home, whether discharged or on furlough, Mr. Whitman has issued special instructions to every agent and conductor on the entire system to give special care and attention to returning soldiers en route from camps to their homes while upon the trains or at the stations of the North-Western. The employes are instructed to be diligent to ascertain if any of the soldiers are in need of food, and more particularly if they are sick and require medical attention, and if any such are found he is to be attended to at the expense of the company, if necessary. It will not be necessary for the soldier to be in uniform to get the advantage of the road's hospitality, for if he can show the proper papers of discharge or furlough, he will receive the same consideration. "We cannot do enough for the returning soldiers," said General Superintendent Sanborn, in speaking of the order. "The boys went down there and faced death in a hundred different ways, and those who escaped are returning home debilitated and worn out. They did this for what? Not for money; it is not in any sane man to resign himself to death for a money consideration. They did it for the love of country."

Other roads probably may follow the North-Western's humane move.—*The Chicago Chronicle.*

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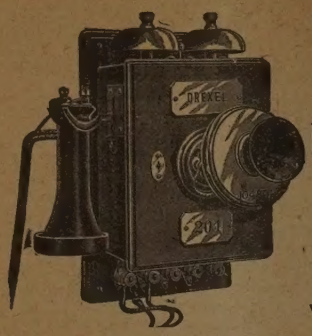

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October 18-23, 1898,

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